

The most lamentable Tragedie

Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that armde the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our bretheren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to theyr soules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
Here grow no damned grudgges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lavi. In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my bretherens obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleste me heere with thy victorious hand,
whose fortunes *Romes* best Citizens applauid.

Titus. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus louingly referude
The

of Titus Andronicus

The cordiall of mine age to gla
Lavinia liue, outliue thy father
And Fames eternall date for ver

Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus*
Gracious triumpher in the eyes

Titus. Thankes gentle *Tril*

Marcus. And welcome *Nep*
You that suruiue, and you that
Faire Lords your fortunes are a
That in your Countries seruice
But safer triumph is this funera
That hath aspired to *Solons* hap

And triumphs ouer chaunce in
Titus Andronicus, the people of
Whose friend in iustice thou ha
Send thee by me their Tribune
This Palliament of white and
And name thee in election for t
With these our late deceased E
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it o
And helpe to set a head on hea

Titus. A better head her glo
Then his, that shakes for age
What should I d'on this robe a
Be chosen with proclamations
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resi
And set abroad new busines f
Rome I haue bene thy Souldie
And led my Countries strengt
And buried one and twenty va
Knighted in Field, slaine man
In right and seruice of their no
Giue me a staffe of Honour for
But not a scepter to controule t

B